Being but heauy I will beare the light.
Mercu. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And sore with them aboue a common bound.
Romeo. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light fethers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.
Horatio. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Romeo. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.
Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betakes him to his legs,
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senceless rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunsire Phrase,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables owne word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or saue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.
Ro. Nay thats not so.
Mer. I meane sir in delay
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits,
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Ro. And

Ro. And we meane well
But tis no wit to go.
Mer. VVhy may one as
Rom. I dreampt a dreame
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. VVell what was y
Mer. That dreamers o
Ro: In bed a sleepe whil
Mer. O then I see Quee
She is the Fairies midwife, a
the an Agat stone, on the fo
with a teeme of little atomie
sleepe: her waggon spokes
uer of the wings of grashop
der web, her collers of the m
of Crickets bone, the lash o
gray coated Gnat, not halfe
prickt from the lazie finger
tie Hasel nut, made by the
out a mind, the Faries Coac
lops night by night, throg
of loue. On Courtiers knees
Lawyers fingers who strait
strait on kisses dreame, whi
plagues, because their brea
So metime she gallops ore
heof smelling out a sute: and
pigs tale, tickling a Parsons
of another Benefice. Somti
and then dreames he of cu
ambuscados, spanish blade
then anon drums in his ear
being thus frighted, sweare
this is that very Mab tha
night: and bakes the Elklo
once vntangled, much mi

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